

Read Terje Vigen by Ibsen.

Lost Norway 1804. Benedot became king with Sweden and
Norway.

Crown Prince gave new good constitution 1814.

1830 King became bankrupt.

1838 situation grew better.

HO train became national heart.

God to worship--created world--they believed.

To end instruction and moralize.

Hadn't ability to gain friends of confidence.

Was lonesome--individual spurned.

Lived and sang.

Rom. rudiment came from Germany. Spirit life in early
France--Voltaire--Goddess of Intelligence.

New schools of today--Gothic. Henrick Stiffins--1802
returned studies theology was visitor in Copenhagen discuss new.

Adam Oellenschlager appointed.

2 met and discussed--coffee--16 hours--slept in same room,
waked finding Oehl fighting--wrote poem.

The Golden Horns.

1649 Mogeltonder--found golden.

King gave a red petticoat.

Man got freedom.

????????? used golden horns as illustrations, calmness,
quietness when horn found. S. Spirit invisible nature. Oehl.

1803 picture of old and new time--forest of Copenhagen where people like to go--rich and poor.

1805--wrote plain Alladen and wond Camp. Play is main work Oehl.

In Africa Nouredin was search fortune. Noticed sum of nature could gain fortune. Wants to go to Persia to gain lamp. Comes to city and goes about street. Sees merchant with a lot of oranges and Alladin gets all oranges and puts them in hat. Merchant gets Alladin to help him.

Ingemann 1749--wrote novels and plays. Also singer of religious feeling in poems.

June 28, 1926

Under Hamlet castle Holga Dansk sits. If enemies of Denmark come Holga will gather boys and men together and fight for Denmark.

Hauch tried to investigate law of life.

Paul Moller.

Blecker--Danish Robert Burns.

1--dull echo of German

2--political night school

Heiberg--father was banished--Heiberg ran away from people and back to mama in Copenhagen. Became elegant orator. Wished to make new upper class of academics.

1816--a poet can do nothing but show himself to world.

1832--is it not voice of nature which foams over lips of
divine poet--his influence more educational than spiritual.

Hans Christian Anderson--Folk High School Movts.

July 2

Necessary not to have spiritual life alone--Alladin--The
Bell.

1875--Odense illuminated--75 years old.

Hans Christian Anderson--was poor boy.

Born 1805, April 2, father shoemaker.

Hans made shoes, had few books and pictures, and loved
woods. Father made toy theatre and read aloud. Hans made a boat
and sailed imaginary lands. Was strange child. Everybody kind
to him. Bailiff gave him money Abpor and Elvira and Aboire,
Perch--not grand enough so decided to write about king and queen
and used strange words bought German dictionary. Mother wished
him tailor--he longed to be famous and go to Copenhagen. Left in
1811 to kingstown. Went to dancers school took shoes off and
danced. Hans' voice gave way and went to grammar school. Got
university degree with low marks. Wrote books. 1st Journey on
foot to ???????????? (4 miles Copenhagen) was humorous. That is
written by school boy.

1835 First fairy tale and stories edited. Became famous
"The Little Mermaid." Novels were poor. Grand parents told odd

tales about beast headed men and Hans wrote thus. His tales lived and experienced by himself. "The Bell" in forest--ugly monkeys made in Danish forest. Poor boy himself appears from right side.

Life song--poetry and truth--Snow Queen.

The Bell--finest fairy tale. King's son in story Hans--poor boy.

Thursday August 5

Kobenhavn--We arrived here on Monday, Luffy, Florence, Rose Kaye and I. We were given eighteen kroner to come first class but we took 3rd class and saved a pile of money. It was an uneventful trip except crossing the ferry. I was sitting eating on the boat when some one from above (1st class too!) spit tobacco juice and it splashed me. The people were feeding the gulls out of their hands and I blamed them--poor innocent birdies. Luffy read us "Nice Baby" till we nearly died with laughter. After waiting hours for luggage we arrived at the Damehotellet--dam hotel is right!!! The Martha Washington hotel in New York is an old ladies home--this ditto!! Even the bell hop--a lad of 80 summers--took us upstairs. There wasn't even a desk to register at. We were showed to our room--whew oil painting galore, but thanks be no embarrassing pictures this time, mere old oil paintings. Besides having a carpet there were five rugs so we could not get cold feet. There were many lace curtains and draperies of solemn brown. One bed was in a darling alcove with a beautiful lace cover over pink. We tossed up and Kaye got the prize. Mine was a couch in our sitting room which boasted of a settee which looked like a padded piano, a mahogany desk, wardrobe, quaint mirror, dressing table, and four chairs--the chamber maid speaks no English so we have a glorious time. We have no running water in our royal suite but all the necessary chinaware. We were given dozens of keys--a key for every drawer

and door in the establishment. If one stays later than 10 o'clock you have to unlock the hotel door too. Oh its a smart joint--but respectable--oh! Nearly all Tuesday was spent at Ticket offices and the American Consuls as I find its much shorter to go via New York and cheaper too. In fact I bought my ticket to Toronto for less here. Wednesday we wandered about and went to see the Marble church. We paid 25 ore and climbed into the tower. Ye Gods! It was some climb up narrow spiral steps, you couldn't see in front of you and no fat person could venture there. The view repaid us for our efforts and we could see the many queer towers in the city. The church was built in 1600 and the king went broke so he finished the tower in copper, donated by the pennies of the people. We had to go down the tower a different way, we had a little more light but I'll say it was a dizzy descent but fun. We went on and viewed the king square and castle. The guards in front wore their big bear caps. We asked if we could snap him. Of course he said no but immediately went in the sun, stood at attention and smiled--so we did the trick as he gave us a broad wink.

I had been given a letter to some Danish people so had written and been invited for tea. Ellen Milking and her mother. Her father was in the Titanic disaster. She called and took us out to her place at Ollerup. She was a perfect darling, 24 years old, tall, the usual Danish fair hair and blue eyes. She wore a pink hat which matched her gay chin, sleeveless waist coat (very Danish) over her white dress. Her mother understood English

quite well and was dear. Their son was an engineer in Canada and a great friend of Don Beams. We talked all evening and were then given the most heavenly cakes and wine--um--it was good! They showed us their many Danish things and they were so interesting. We had such a lovely time. Coming home Kaye and I got on to the front open smoking part of the tram and the motor man insisted we go back! The conductor put his hand thru a little opening like a letter box and we gave him his fare, but the motor man was shy so opened the locked door and let us by in the car. When we reached the Dam hotel the door outside was locked--not one dam lift and the dam elevator was not working--thus we groped up three flights of stairs. Laughed as much as we could to give the dear old ladies a treat and to our surprise found we arrived at twelve o'clock. Tired, but happy, and not hungry. I must explain Kaye and I are poor as church mice, with hardly enough for food. We sleep in so as only to have 2 meals and only allow 4 kroner--(\$1.00) for meals a day. We pay 3 kroner (75 cents) for rooms. Aren't we cheap, only luck blew our way in Ollerup and we did not have to pay extra for rooms after the others left. We were given the best rooms and lived like kings on the fat of the land. We literally stuffed there cause we knew we must go easy here.

To-day we were in luck! First we were having early lunch with Ellen Milling and took some pictures then we started out to hunt for a small barber sign as a souvenir, but we couldn't find one. We were in great distress when we met one of the boys off

the boat, Bue Buner who came to our rescue--and more. Finally finding only one plate, Kaye and I tossed and I won. Gee was I tickled. We couldn't find another in town. Then Bue took us to have ice and kage and invited us out to his home to meet a friend, an authoress who was sailing on Oscar to-morrow. We had the best drive out (our purses heaved a cheerful sigh) and we drove along by the sea. His home was by the sea with the most gorgeous gardens and instead of benches they had the most adorable toad stools to sit on. Bright red on top with spots. I loved them. Their house was most attractive, only most modern. The floors were all hardwood and in the most unusual design. His father was a lumberman. While drinking tea we found Kaye knew his fiance in America and many he knew. How queer wasn't it? We met the writer and she's a jolly old soul only I made a break taking her for his mother!! His mother and two sisters were most attractive and spoke perfect English. He gave us typical Danish souvenirs and drove us back, leaving us at the museum where we saw the rummest art. There was only one good picture--a Lizian. The rest were nightmares. We walked all over the city after a plate for Kaye--And met Bue again, but we had worn him out before, we let him go this time. We had the best dinner chicken and mushroom patties and a waiter who spoke English. Our last blow--but moneys low! I'm tired as the devil now, but I've had a peach of day so must turn in after writing all this junk.

August 6 Friday

Of course we had much shopping to do at the last moment, we finally said our fond farewells to the Dam hotel and we really did have fun there. To our surprize we found the Oscar exactly like the Hellig, except the ladies lounge was a sickly green whereas Hellig was in nice blue. We found the usual band, only a few new pieces, ie. "Yes Sir, That's my Baby," etc. We had no trouble getting on, but--alas poor Flossie. She had a muddle with her visa coming and her trunk going. She had expressed it from Ollerup and ye Gods it hadn't arrived! Thus at 15 minutes before sailing, she had to run or taxi (to be honest) to the station hunt it up and rush back only to make it as they untied the gang plank. There was a great mob on the dock. Miss McKinstry, Miss Andrews and four of the girls. They gave us flowers and we had such fun saying good-bye. My whistle rose to the occasion and Oscar's voice did not have a show. Some fond farewells were very sad. One lad with fuzzy hair and a christie hung on this mother's neck buried his nose in a bouquet, clutched to his flag and dragged himself up the gang plank! What fun. We were so dam hungry we could hardly wait. We had a fine chicken lunch and I met Miss Colburn we had met the day before. Bue said she had the speed of 2500 words per minute and he was just about right. She's very interesting though and heaps of fun. She smokes expensive Russian cigarettes! There are some interesting looking people aboard but I'm perfectly safe this trip! One rather good looking sheik got on with two women, I don't know

which one is the wife. I'm betting on a few old sentimental couples being newly weds. Will have some fun! This afternoon we spent in sizing people up. One fat man with a dog has a wicked eye and we have already located him with the nurse! To-night the band played in the usual manner and it was fun. We danced on deck and there was an awful slant. I'd roll down to the rail every time.

August 7, Saturday

I woke this morning to the tune of the whistle. Ge--it meant Norway! I rushed like the devil to get dressed and rushed out to see if Elise and Helen were around--7 AM--I might have known better, no girls around--and no breakfast until eight. I managed to wait. Then we got our passports marked and we scrambled ashore. Of course Kaye and I had no money and we had to walk all over the city. We saw the King's Palace and looked over the stores but we found it dull and messy in contrast to Copenhagen. There wasn't even the quaintness of the Danish city. The flowers we had been first thrilled by were missing but maybe they were out further. We could hardly express much gained from a walking tour. Footsore and weary we returned to the boat to watch for the girls. Finally they appeared on the other side of the gang plank. Helen came on but Elise and Star were delayed. Their tickets were lost and the officers wouldn't let 'em on board. In Copenhagen they said they had forwarded them. They



The **Margaret Eaton School Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit resource created in 2014-2015 to assist scholars, researchers, educators, and students to discover the Margaret Eaton School archives housed in the Peter Turkstra Library at Redeemer University College. Copyright of the digital images is the property of Redeemer University College, Ancaster, Canada and the images may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email digital images for individual non-commercial use. To learn more about this project or to search the digital collection, go to <http://libguides.redeemer.ca/mes>.